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# Snapshot, Volume X, Number 7, February 18, 1953

Milwaukee-Downer College

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# SNAPSHOT

Vol. X No. 6 7

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE

February 18, 1953

## TO EUROPE AND BACK AGAIN

(Nancy Van Horn continues her account of "Europe in '52")

From Saarbrücken we took a train to Heidelberg, and there we were met by the International Student Club. We divided up at the station. Each of us went with one of the students to his or her home.

I stayed with a German boy and his family. After I met his parents and got cleaned up, we went to a little restaurant on top of one of Heidelberg's friendly hills. There we met the rest of the International Student Group.

Later in the evening some of us went to the "Red Ox." This is one of the most famous places in Heidelberg. It is here that all the students from the university meet, after studying, to drink beer, eat good food and sing. The whole room is done in dark oak, and the tables are the same, with thousands of initials carved in them. On the wall hang many pictures of fraternities which date back many, many years. The beer was served in giant steins, and in such good fun that we wanted to laugh and sing with all the rest.

The next morning we went to a lecture at the university. It was rather exciting, even though we couldn't understand a word!

We had lunch at the university after a conducted tour through a castle. That night we took a boat ride on the Neckar River, and the next day we grabbed a train for Munich, where we were met by three university students. Again, we were split up, and I was taken to a German family there. This German home was a little more difficult for me—no one in the family could speak English, and I couldn't speak German!

We spent six days sightseeing, dancing, going to operettas, parties, etc. At the end of the sixth day we went to Erica's campsite and helped her set up the camp.

"Dance into Spring" at the Shorecrest Hotel on Saturday, February 28 from 8:30 p.m. until midnight. Admission is \$2.00 per couple.

This informal dance will be sponsored by Social Committee. Everyone is invited!!!

## FATHER'S DAY PLANS, THEME ANNOUNCED

Co-chairman Joan Bailey and Ihoko Kono revealed that "Family Portrait in Silhouette" will be the theme of Father's Day, scheduled for March 7 here on campus.

The program for the day will include tours of all the departments, games, and special entertainment. The tentative schedule reads:

12:00 noon — Dorms open.

1:30 p.m. — Tours begin.

6:00 p.m. — Dinner.

7:30 p.m. — Entertainment.

Chairmen of the various committees are: Ollie Johnson, program; Boggie Schroeder, song and banquet ceremony; Betty Jean Roberts, name cards; Nancy Ramsey, table decorations; Barbara Moon, mimeographing; and Betty Sharpe, invitations. Miss Irvin is the faculty adviser.

The fee for dormitory students, dormitory faculty, and city faculty is \$2.00 per person. City students and their fathers will pay \$3.75 per couple.

## AA SCHEDULES PLAY DAY AT MDC

The Athletic Association has scheduled a basketball playday for Saturday afternoon, February 21. Several neighboring colleges have been invited to participate — Cardinal Stritch and Alverno have already accepted the invitation.

Mary Jo Johnson is chairman of the food committee, and Mary Jo Vanderpool is in charge of registration. Diane Fox and Barbara Grigg will take care of hospitality.

There will be bowling as well as basketball on the agenda to keep everyone amused. Lunch will be served in the City Students' room.

## MISS SOBYE RESIGNS

The administration and trustees announce, with regret, the resignation of Miss Louise Soby, effective January 30, 1953. The College is deeply appreciative of her long years of service as a member of the faculty in the Home Economics Department, and we extend to her every good wish for the future.

Miss Soby's classes will be handled during the coming semester by Miss Anderson, Miss Grigsby, Mrs. Riemen-schneider, and Miss Hawley, and assistance will be given from time to time by outside lecturers.

John B. Johnson, Jr.  
President

## SET DATES FOR SPRING PRODUCTION

May 1 and 2 are the dates set for the spring dramatic production. A decision has not been made as to whether the presentation will be a straight play or a musical. However, tryout dates for the tentative musical production will be announced within the near future.

Anyone who would like to work in either or both of these shows is asked to sign the sheet which will be on the speech and drama bulletin board in Merrill basement. This sign-up sheet will be posted from February 18 to 23.

## QUICK SNAPS

One of the topics of conversation at Senior Dinner was the play "The Old Maid and the Thief" which is being considered as a possible choice for the spring dramatic production. During the course of the discussion, Nancy Cahill, Purple's Third Hat Girl, turned to Jane Baumann and said, "Speaking of 'The Old Maid and the Thief'—how're your mother and dad?"

In Econ class the other day, the beginning of English trade was under discussion. Explaining the various trade routes, Boggie Schroeder said, "India was reached by going around Cape Cod." (As far as we know, Cape Cod is still off the coast of New England. We think Boggie meant Cape Horn.)

The morning after the final elections for CGA president had been held, Ollie Johnson, new president-elect, was over in Kimberly, when Mary Johnson accidentally spilled coffee on Ollie. It was then that Miss Dart quipped, "Well, now she's been launched."

# The Kodak

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## THIS WAS HOME

Barbara Flatz

In Paris it was the room at the end of the corridor on the seventh floor of the Y.W.C.A.—approached via a dark winding stairway and recognized by the nauseating odor of gas from the cookstove in the room across the hall.

This was home.

The furnishings were reminiscent of a student room in the Latin quarter—two couches which were made up as beds; a table in the middle of the floor and above it a small light suspended from the ceiling; a small sink in the corner; an artificial fireplace; several orange crate book cases; a piece of rope strung from one side of the room to the other; and a small window looking down into the backyard of the fashionable shops on Rue d'Honore.

We set up housekeeping—buying our food at the corner patisserie and chacuterie and eating at our little table. We set up a laundry—washing from top of head to toe of foot, from outer skirt to inner skin in the little sink in the corner. We set up shop—totaling expenses, recording memories, corresponding with family and friends. And every night when the clock struck twelve and Cinderella lost her tiny slipper in a hasty exit from the ball, two American Cinderellas were plunged into pitch darkness. (The lights were turned off by Madame seven flights below.)

And then there was the evening when the rhythmic beat of water sang into the sleeping night and awakened my room

mate The sink was plugged! in fact, the water was overflowing the sink. Then a few hasty footsteps, a splash, and a groan. Down went the water—one, two, three, seven flights into the street below. "What are you doing?", came my half awake, half asleep voice. "Helping showers of rain to fall from heaven," came the reply.

In Rome it was Saint Peter who opened the Golden Gate as we climbed nine long flights of steep stone stairs to— heaven? This was our first pension, but not the last, our highest pension, but not the best. The sparsely furnished room had one asset—a window which framed a picture of modern Italian family life. Two stories below lived a seamstress. (She sometime looked up and smiled at us). Directly across the patio a handsome young boy "hung out." (He was the one who taught us the propriety of hanging out of our window and peering). Three flights down a young child cried every evening from seven o'clock until nine. On the floor above lived a woman who took in and hung out washing. (It was from her that I learned the science of tying my wash in a knot, on the rope provided by the pension, and then pulling it out into the patio). In the apartment below there roomed a jazz enthusiast. (This gave us balcony seats for a daily concert of the latest American jazz). But the outstanding feature of the patio was the Cat Metropolitan Orchestra which performed each night, accompanying a Company of Fly Opera Stars which acted in our room!

In Bern, Switzerland, home was another Y.W.C.A.—important for introducing me to a feather bed! I had never slept on feathers or with feathers before, and I didn't know exactly how to, or where to, sleep.

To me the feather bed looked like a big comforter which could be folded to serve as a sheet and a coverlet—so I folded it and climbed in!

(Two nights later we stayed in a private home in Garthenheim Strasse, Luzern. Another feather bed! But this time there were sheets on the bed. Was the feather bed to be used as a quilt? And to this day I still debate as to whether or not the Y.W.C.A. in Bern forgot to make up our beds.)

In Bergen, Norway, it was the Youth Hostel at the top of the city. Ten o'clock one cold rainy night we took the funicular ride to the top of the hill (or mountain) to reach the Hostel. When we ar-

rived, the lights had already been turned off, and we were told to go to a room on the second floor, where there were two vacant beds. We found the vacant iron frames, and in another room located some straw mattresses—but no blankets. So, I kept my suit and two sweaters on, added a pair of jeans, a head scarf, two pairs of socks, and a plastic raincoat. With a yellow face towel for a covering, I curled up on my bed of straw—and fell asleep.

In the morning one thin twisted icicle was seen to fall from the second floor of the Hostel on the hilltop, as I left this rough, ruddy, and rustic homesite.

In London, bed and breakfast were luxuriously elite. Some people consider breakfast in bed the height of luxury. To us it was common discomfort! (We had eaten breakfast in bed too often—our room would be cold, and a table lacking, so into bed we would crawl.)

But not in London! We had reached the end of our trip, our money had held out, and we could afford to splurge. So—meals in restaurants, a room in the Y.W.C.A. with hot and cold running water, hot baths available every night, and a real moving lift for transportation.

In the midst of hardship and pleasure I learned that home is where the heart is, and since my heart was always with me, I took my home wherever I went. "Where are you from?" "Milwaukee," I would answer. "Where is your home?" "Why right here, and there, and everywhere—be it France, or Italy, or Norway, be it Y.W.C.A., or pension, or hostel—

This was home.

## BROWSING AROUND

Ruth Heuman

Reading! What better way to learn new ideas and to pass an enjoyable hour or two?

Have you been to the Browsing section of our library? Comfortable chairs and good lighting make it a special attraction. There are books of many types available here.

"The Brave Bulls" written and illustrated by Tom Lea presents a picture of Mexican bullfighting. "Giant" by Edna Ferber describes the life and culture of Texas after the 1930's.

In biography General Omar Bradley's "A Soldier's Story" gives this General's action and observations during the second World War. For light reading there is "Pogo" by Walt Kelly.

So drop over to the Browsing section of the library soon, for an amusing tale, a fictional romance or a factual documentary. I'll be seeing you there!

## IN THE BOX

Nancy Tuxford

I rise machine-like to the call of the bell—I must hurry, for below breakfast waits. Then and only then am I a fourth for bridge. Those quick bright conversations save my morning. I attend four meetings at noon as I finish my psychology assignment. Psychology is canceled unexpectedly so I sleep. Night falls on the Community. Silhouetted against the bathroom wall—a girl with glass—I find Nodoo indispensable. All I can remember of this blurred tinsel of a day is that girl who spoke to me—so strange that I should remember. Her eyes were warm and she had smiled—at me.



## HEIDELBERG

Barbara Flatz

Someone once said, "People who eavesdrop hear no good of themselves." But they did not say, "People who eavesdrop hear no good for themselves." This was the case in Heidelberg. The train had stopped and nearly all the oncoming passengers had climbed aboard. Two young soldiers standing next to me in the aisle were saying, "What a delightful town. It is one of the few places in this part of Germany that still has old world atmosphere." When I heard this, I was curious. Perhaps I should spend the night in Heidelberg instead of continuing on to Frankfurt as I had planned.

When the train pulled out of the station three minutes later, there was one less passenger standing in the aisle. I flew through the valley of decision in a jet plane—decided in less than a minute to see Heidelberg. The two soldiers had piloted my plane, opened the door for me to jump out, and pushed out my ruck sack. Before I had a chance to say thank you, the train had begun to leave the station.

"Now what?" I wondered as I sat on my ruck sack in the narrow corridor of the rooming house in which I had hoped to spend the night. It was raining outside and inside I felt as cold as the stone wall against which I was leaning and as empty as the barren corridor. A train would be leaving for Frankfurt in fifteen minutes, and then there would not be another until four-thirty the following morning. Should I catch the next train?

I knocked on the door of the rooming house. The woman who greeted me spoke no English, and I spoke no German. But she knew why I had come. The room she showed me was clean, the bed felt soft, the house was near the station, and criterion number one—it was cheap!

A few minutes later I tugged close the monstrous wooden door which led into the street. At that instant I mentally declared that the rain might dampen my feet but not my day. I was going to see Heidelberg—now or never!

After visiting the famous "Schloss Heidelberg," the university, the church, and several card shops, I walked down the "Hauptstrasse." As I walked I window shopped, and after carefully examining the coffee kuchen, apple strudel, and cheese torte in every backerei, I realized that the rain had stopped, my feet were wet and muddy, my hair had had a free rinsing, my hands were like ice cubes, and I was ready for a nice cup of hot coffee.

As I left the coffee shop I resolved for the umpteenth time that I would study German. The waiter had brought me several newspapers rolled on sticks, and could I read them—No!

That night I went to bed early—but

not to sleep. It was Saturday night, and if Heidelberg is a quaint old German city, it certainly isn't behind the time in its night life. From the moment I turned out the light until I opened the blinds the following morning I was serenaded by the laughing, singing, shouting, talking voices of walking cavaliers. And when I did open the blinds I saw a pair of eyes peering up at me. Peeping Tom! Frantically I tried to close the blind, but it was stuck. So I peered back.

When the four-thirty train left for Frankfurt that morning, I was aboard. I had seen Heidelberg. (And Heidelberg had seen me!) "Did you like Heidelberg?" the woman on the bench next to me inquired. "I'm ready to eavesdrop again," I replied.

### KODAK

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Asst. Editor ----- Lisa Freund  
Art ----- Ann Beier  
Staff: Ruth Heuman, Nancy Tuxford,  
Diane Yampol.  
Faculty Advisor ----- Mrs. Sheldon

## THE CALL

Ann Beier

Deep within him, the man felt the call. He said, "The Lord is calling me. He will reveal something great to me that I might better serve mankind. I must obey His will." Therefore the man went alone into the wilderness and on top of a great mountain, even as did Moses, and he wrote much of what he divined to be the words of the Lord. Many were the years that he spent on the mountain, and it came time for him to die. He cried out, "Tell me, that I might carry Thy Word to my fellow men, tell me, oh Lord, where art Thou?"

And the Lord replied, "I am here among My people."

**"IT'S EASY TO AVOID BLOWING  
YOUR TOP—JUST KEEP AN OPEN  
MIND."**

## TRIO OF FEBRUARY

Nancy Tuxford

On February 13th . . .

Two almost-finished valentines were walking hand in hand down a little street—leaving behind a trail of almost-finished verse forms, rosettes, paper doilies.

She sat at her desk—one of the many desks in the room—gazing wistfully at his eight year old profile. Maybe—?

A girl, carefree and gay, approached her mailbox—empty, this February 13th—and disappointment reigned. Murmuring that perhaps mails were slow because of—things, the girl turned and walked away.

Dirty brown water trickled across the sidewalk. A dog-looking like any dog on February 13th—sniffed at the water. Snarling, he turned, and loped across the street.

On February 14th . . .

Two valentines resplendent beneath envelopes, address, and stamps, walked to the corner, kissed passionately, shook hands, and embraced. Each then turned and walked up to house, rang the door bell and waited.

Suddenly he turned. A look of sublime adoration passed between them and they say that for just a second the twang of a bow was heard.

The almost-hopeful look on the girl's face died as she reached her empty mailbox. In disbelief she put her hand into the small box, following the grain of the wood in desperation, as though trying to find some fragment of comfort; hope.

A cardinal landed with a light thud on the edge of the wooden fender.

Cocking his head,

he proceeded to separate the sunflower seeds from the dried corn with infallible precision.

Up at the big house on the hill two small children sat, noses and hands pressed against the window panes, gazing at the scene before them.

On February 15th . . .

The garbage collector threw, with a curse, another container of refuse on the truck. Then he drove to the dump, where he unloaded the truck at the river's edge. It was thought that two crumpled valentines were seen, at different times, of course, to fall into the river with the other garbage.

She sat at her desk and gazed with intense longing at the unoccupied desk. A lump grew large in her throat as she thought of him, at home in bed with a bad head cold.

The girl walked past her mailbox with unseeing eyes, wholly oblivious. The desolate starkness of the empty box would not have pierced her numbness today.

The field above the farm was covered with short, stubby ruts. A planned coverage this—

a February pattern in late winter and early spring.

## SNAPSHOT

Begun As A Johnston Hall News Sheet  
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EXHIBIT FEATURES  
CERAMICS, WEAVING

The new exhibit in the library features ceramics and weaving. The work of ten artists will be on display until March 5.

One of the featured artists, Miss Margaret Richards, is an alumna of Milwaukee-Downer College.

## TIME EXPOSURES

- Feb. 19 Frosh Sing - On Steps - 12:15  
 Feb. 20 Junior-Frosh Basketball Game -  
 Gym - 4:20 p.m.  
 Faculty-Student Council - Alum-  
 nae Hall - 12:30 p.m.  
 Junior-Senior Basketball Game -  
 Gym 4:20 p.m.  
 Holton Hall Party - CS Room  
 Feb. 21 Basketball Play Day - Gym -  
 9:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.  
 Feb. 23 Social Committee - Kim - 12:30  
 Feb. 24 Chapel - Alumnae Hall - 12:40  
 Executive Council - East Kim -  
 12:40 p.m.  
 Feb. 25 Assembly - Auditorium - 12:30  
 Feb. 26 Junior-Sophomore Basketball  
 Game - Gym - 4:20 p.m.  
 Feb. 27 Centennial Bldg. Fund Commit-  
 tee - Merrill, 16 - 12:30 p.m.  
 Senior-Frosh Basketball Game -  
 Gym - 4:20 p.m.  
 Feb. 28 Social Committee Dance - Off  
 Campus - 8:00 p.m.  
 Mar. 2 CGA Meeting - Auditorium -  
 12:30 p.m.  
 Mar. 3 Chapel - Alumnae Hall - 12:40  
 Senior-Frosh Basketball Game -  
 Gym - 4:20 p.m.  
 Chapel Committee - Alumnae  
 Hall - 6:45 p.m.  
 Audubon Society Film - Pills-  
 bury - 8:00 p.m.  
 Mar. 4 Assembly - Sam Manierre -  
 Pillsbury - 2:20 p.m.

## SMOKER TALK

Lotta Damwater

We have a problem which is gradually becoming something of a nuisance. It concerns the excessive drinking carried on by a few Downer students.

We know that our college policy does not prohibit social drinking. This is a matter which is left to the discretion of each individual here. However, we also know that there are students on campus who do not use good taste in drinking. Their thoughtlessness is a growing source of concern.

I suggest that all of us use the good sense we were born with and think carefully about when, where, and how we drink. I suggest that we think not only about ourselves but about the reputation of our college. I suggest that we remember who we are—

Last week a group met to talk about this problem of excessive drinking. They came up with a concrete plan which at least represents a step in the right di-

rection. We know that some of this drinking is done by girls who are under 21 years of age. How about prohibiting upperclassmen from passing their driver's licenses, identification cards, etc. to the minors on campus for use at the local pub? This would be a voluntary prohibition, of course, enforceable only by social pressure. Now, this is where we all come in. Are we strong enough and interested enough to carry through a plan of this kind?

This "voluntary prohibition" is the proposal which will be presented at the next CGA meeting. Undoubtedly there are several other possible solutions. Let's be thinking and talking about this between now and March.

This is strictly a student problem. One group has made a constructive beginning toward a solution. Now we have to carry their efforts beyond a beginning. We are perfectly free to act as we see fit.

Mr. Walter Scott of Madison, Wisconsin, will speak here on March 3. A prominent member of the Audubon Society, he will show a film on conservation.

DOWNER TO APPEAR  
ON TV PANEL

On February 21 at 2:00 p.m. Mr. Peterson, Olive Johnson, Marilyn Wiener, and Colleen Wilson will present a panel on "Education on Parade." They will discuss the effect of the frontier on American character. The basis for their discussion is Turner's frontier thesis.

This will be Downer's third appearance on this TV program.

## SOCIAL "WHIRL"

Congratulations from everybody to Pat Cody. Pat's doing very well with her new hobby - collecting old furniture for housekeeping.

Edie Huehnel has a system in the morning - "brush my teeth, clean my ring . . ."

I dedicate my diet poem to Nancy Haas. Watch for it in the "next" always "next," issue. "Patience," says my key-noter, Jan "Shoulders" Olson.

Bouquets to Liz Taminga. Her mother cheers her up by writing of the jasmine blooming, the violets and daffodils . . . Lovely ice we're having.

The social committee has come up with a grand idea for this month - dancing at the Shorecrest See you there.

ASSEMBLY MANNERS  
NEED IMPROVEMENT

Student behavior at assembly programs and CGA meetings has hit an all-time low. We're suggesting that something be done about it.

It must be discouraging for outside speakers, dancers, piano players, etc. to have to look down at yards and yards of knitting instead of at intelligent faces.

Knitting needles dropping to the floor at frequent intervals during Mr. Nowak's program added nothing to his performance. Some students wrote letters while he played. Others carried on apparently enjoyable conversations. Still others were busy doing homework.

It seems that some students are not even ashamed to fall asleep during assembly programs any more. Students don't sleep because the assemblies are uninteresting. We all know that the programs are better than ever this year. It's our manners that need improvement.

As for CGA—there are those who hardly bother to stay for entire meetings these days. Several who do stay are rude to the point of boorishness. CGA meetings are held so that student problems can be ironed out. This can't be done when a dozen private conversations are drowning out the business at hand.

Let's leave our knitting, our jokes, and our books outside when we go to assembly programs and meetings. Even lack of interest is no excuse for discourtesy, and thoughtlessness can be overcome without too much work.

D.M.  
Z.G.